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THE CHILDREN SING IN THE FAR WEST

BY
MARY AUSTIN

WITH DRAWINGS BY
GERALD CASSIDY



BOSTON AND NEW YORK
HOUGHTON MIFFLIN COMPANY

The Riverside Press Cambridge

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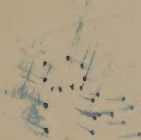
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The Riverside Press

CAMBRIDGE . MASSACHUSETTS

PRINTED IN THE U.S.A.

TO
ANNE BAUMANN
THE NEWEST OF THE SINGING BAND
WHO HAVE LEARNED TO KNOW
THE WEST WITH ME



PREFACE

THESE songs began to be made nearly forty years ago, when the author was young and the West so new that there were no songs about it that children could have for their own. Partly because I was teaching school and felt obliged to have something for my pupils about the land they lived in, and partly because I loved the land so much I couldn't bear not having grown up in it, I made most of the poems in this collection with the help of the children in my school. We had a wonderful time doing it, they because children always love poetry if it has a good rhythm tune and is about something they can understand, and I because I was in this manner let into the secret of how the great Southwest feels to those who have never known any other country. So I have gone on adding to this list from time to time, hoping that I was still keeping the child's approach and the child's feeling for the movement proper to his thought. All this time I have been waiting for a poet to come along and do for all Western children what I tried to do for those

that were in my hands. It is only now that it seems certain no such poet will arrive in my time, that I have decided to publish selections from the verses that were begun so happily by myself and the children at Lone Pine so long ago. In this I have been partly persuaded by the children of those children and their children. To all others who wish to come into touch with the great West by the children's road, they are hopefully offered.

MARY AUSTIN

Acknowledgments are hereby made to *St. Nicholas*, *The Youth's Companion*, *Outing*, *Sunset Magazine*, *The American Boy*, *The Commonweal*, *The Nation*, *Everygirl's Magazine*, and *The Forum*, in which periodicals many of these verses first appeared.

Thanks are also due to my friend Arthur Davison Ficke for assistance in selecting and editing the present volume.

CONTENTS

SONGS OF THE CALIFORNIA COAST

WIND SONG	3
THE SANDHILL CRANE	5
RATHERS	7
THE SEA MARSH	10
DORMIDERA	12
AT CARMEL	14
THE SHEPHERD WIND	15
THE DEER-STAR	18
FURRYHIDE AND GLITTERSKIN	20
WINNEDUMAH	22
SAN FRANCISCO	27

MOUNTAIN SONGS

WHISPER OF THE WIND	31
THE DEER	32
WINTER IN THE SIERRAS	34
THE ROCKY MOUNTAIN SHEEP	36
STANDING GUARD	38
THE BROWN BEAR	41
TAMALPAIS	44
SNOW	47
THE FOREST RANGER	50

SONGS OF THE SOUTHWEST

WESTERN MAGIC	55
PRAIRIE-DOG TOWN	57
HOMESICKNESS	59
TEXAS TRAINS AND TRAILS	60
THE COYOTE AND THE CARRION CROW	62
A FELLER I KNOW	66
ELF OWL	68
THE GRAND CAÑON	70
IN PAPAGUERIA	71
THE RHYME OF THE PRONGHORNS	73

ALL OUTDOORS

SHOWERS	79
THE BEGGAR WIND	80
SPRING IN THE VALLEY	81
SEA GULLS	83
INDIAN GIVING	85
✓ BLUE-EYED GRASS	86
✓ THE BLACK BRANT	87
CLOCKS AND CALENDARS	89
LIGHTHOUSE AND WHISTLING BUOY	91
SANTA MARIA DE TODO EL MUNDO	94

TRIBAL WISDOM

✓ GRIZZLY BEAR	99
DEAD WATER	100
SEVEN RHYMING RIDDLES	101
ISHETS	106
TRAVEL SIGNS	109

CHARMS	111
WISE MAN	113
PRAYERS TO THE OUTDOOR SAINTS	115
Santa Doucelina	115
San Isidro	116
Our Lady of Guadaloupe	117
San Francisco	118
MORNING PRAYER	120
EVENING PRAYER	121

SONGS FOR OCCASIONS

A SONG OF WESTERN MEN	125
LITTLE SONGS OF SPRING	127
LITTLE SONGS OF OCTOBER	129
THE SHEPHERDS IN JUDEA	131
A CHILD'S NIGHT THOUGHTS	134
EVENSONG	137
THE CHRISTMAS FIR	139
SAILOR DEAD — SOLDIER DEAD	143
THANKSGIVING	146

SONGS THE INDIANS SING

RAIN SONG OF THE RIO GRANDE PUEBLOS	151
SONG OF LIFE RENEWAL	153
SONG OF A YOUTH WHOSE FATHER WAS KILLED IN THE WAR	154
SONG OF A MAN ABOUT TO DIE IN A STRANGE LAND	155
A SONG OF GREATNESS	156
THE ROAD-RUNNER	157

CHICKEN-HAWK'S SONG	159
GLOSSY LOCKS	160
SONG OF THE RED FOX	161
YOUNG MEN'S SONG	162
BUFFALO SONGS	164
FIRE DRILL SONGS	166
CORN-PLANTING SONGS	168
MOUNTAIN CHANT	172
NOTES	175

SONGS OF THE CALIFORNIA COAST

THE CHILDREN SING IN THE FAR WEST

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WIND SONG

BLOW in, blow in, O Western Wind!
From out the blue, foam-flowered main,



Blow in across the coastwise hills
And bring the ploughing rain!

Blow, Wind, and stir the yucca spears
To give their tall white candles room,
Blow out the painted poppy cups
And bid the lupines bloom!

Blow in, blow in, O willful Wind,
And whip the drowsy trees,
Shake all their silken tassels out
And wake the humming bees!

Blow up, blow up the summer stars
Hiding the sea rim under,
Blow up the shimmer on warm seas
And the Spring wonder!

THE SANDHILL CRANE

WHENEVER the days are cool and clear
The sandhill crane goes walking
Across the field by the flashing weir
Slowly, solemnly stalking.



The little frogs in the tules hear
And jump for their lives when he comes near,
The minnows scuttle away in fear,
When the sandhill crane goes walking.

The field folk know if he comes that way,
Slowly, solemnly stalking,
There is danger and death in the least delay
When the sandhill crane goes walking.
The chipmunks stop in the midst of their play,
The gophers hide in their holes away
And hush, oh, hush! the field mice say,
When the sandhill crane goes walking.

RATHERS

I KNOW very well what I'd rather be
If I didn't always have to be me!
I'd rather be an owl,
A downy feathered owl,
A wink-ity, blink-ity, yellow-eyed owl
In a hole in a hollow tree.
I'd take my dinner in chipmunk town,
And wouldn't I gobble the field mice down,
If I were a wink-ity, blink-ity owl,
And didn't always have to be me!

I know very well what I'd like to do
If I didn't have to do what I do!
I'd go and be a woodpecker,
A rap-ity, tap-ity, red-headed woodpecker
In the top of a tall old tree.
And I'd never take a look
At a lesson or a book,
And I'd scold like a pirate on the sea,
If I only had to do what I like to do,
And didn't always have to be me!

Or else I'd be an antelope,
A pronghorned antelope,



With lots of other antelope
Skimming like a cloud on a wire-grass plain.
But if I were an antelope,
A bounding, bouncing antelope,
You'd never get me back to my desk again!

Or I might be a puma,
A singe-colored puma,
A slinking, sly-foot puma
As fierce as fierce could be!
And I'd wait by the waterholes where antelope
drink
In the cool of the morning
And I *do*

not

think

That ever any antelope could get away from me.

But if I were a hunter,
A red Indian hunter, —
I'd *like* to be a hunter, —
I'd have a bow made of juniper wood
From a lightning-blasted tree,
And I'd creep and I'd creep on that puma asleep
And I'd shoot him with an arrow,
A flint tipped arrow,
An eagle feathered arrow,
For a puma kills calves and a puma kills sheep,
And he'd never eat any more antelope
If he once met up with me!

THE SEA MARSH

THE sea marsh out by Green Brae
Creeps in among the sedges,



A slow tide, a slack tide,
To stir the samphire weed.
Blue herons go a-fishing there;
The wind that drags the edges
Blows in along the shallow pools
The wastrel gulls to feed.

DORMIDERA

DORMIDERA, DORMIDERA, the trails are dim with
rain,
The herd dog minds the homing flock, the water
sings again;
Blue between white shores of cloud, the sky is
like a lake,



Spring signals down the orchard row in every
rosy flake,
Sweet sap creeps up the almond boughs, oh,
Golden-eye awake!

Dormidera, Dormidera, the fumbling sea fog
seeks
Round the low fronts of seaward hills, by brown,
abounding creeks,
By deer walks, and by faint old trails where once
the Padres trod;
On seaward slopes the strong young sun has
waked the glowing sod.
What dream you, Dormidera, that are so long
anod?

Time yet to doze through dripping dawns until
you hear the lark,
The nights of spring for dreaming long, the soft
owl-haunted dark,
Or when the wind is on the hill to wild oat pipes
a-croon
Yet may you lap your tender leaves by full and
flooding moon,
But oh, the spring is all to seek unless you waken
soon!

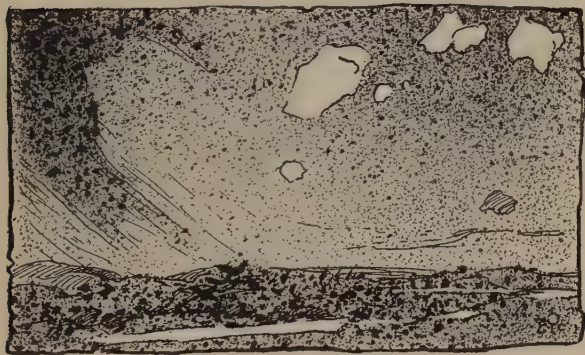
AT CARMEL

THERE are people go to Carmel
To see the blue bay pass
Through green wave to white foam
Like snow on new grass.
But I go to hear the auklets crying
Like dark glass on glass.

I go to hear the herons talk
The way that herons have, half asleep,
As they come in past Carmel bar
With a slow wing sleep;
To hear the wood teams jingling up from Sur,
And the contented blether of the Mission sheep.

THE SHEPHERD WIND

THE wind is the shepherd who drives the clouds
Across the field of the sky,
And fast or slow, as the wind may blow,
I watch his flocks go by.



His folds are under the rim of the world
North, south, and east and west —
And the shepherd cares for all of his sheep
But he loves the lambs the best.

In clear, smooth paths of the middle sky,
And highest up in the air

He lets the snow white cloudlings run
Whenever the days are fair.

The mother clouds on the mountain browse,
Or nose along the hill,
Or sleep in the shade of the tallest peaks
When the shepherd wind is still.

The cloudkins come at his lightest call,
And he whistles the mothers home,
But he shouts aloud at the black storm cloud,
For black sheep love to roam.

If ever the tale of the flocks is short,
Or the shepherd miss his sheep,
He calls by the folds where the white fogs lie
And whips them out of the deep.

Last night when the gates of the west were ajar
To let the sun slip through,
I saw the little clouds scampering far
Into the open blue.

And every one had a golden fleece,
But a few turned rosy red
As they huddled down the coast-wise hills
Where willful black sheep led.

While all night seeking his truant sheep
The whistling wind went by;
He found them at last on the edge of dawn
Under the lee of the sky;

He drove them back by the shouldering hills
That fence the great sea lane,
I heard the beat of their scampering feet,
But others thought it was rain.

And we can follow the way he took
To the pastures of the deep
For every hill has a snowy fleece
It stole from the truant sheep.

THE DEER-STAR

HEAR now a tale of the deer-star,
Tale of the days ago,
When a youth rose up for the hunting
In the bluish light of dawn —
Rose up for the red deer hunting,
And what should a hunter do
Who has never an arrow feathered,
Nor a bow strung taut and true?
The women laughed from the doorways, the
maidens mocked at the spring;
For thus to be slack at the hunting is ever a
shameful thing.
The old men nodded and muttered, but the youth
spoke up with a frown:
‘If I have no gear for the hunting, I will run the
red deer down.’

He is off by the hills of the morning,
By the dim, untrodden ways;
In the clean, wet, windy marshes
He has startled the deer agaze;
Then a buck of ten-point antlers
Streams out from the fleeing herd,

And the youth is apt to the running
As the tongue to the spoken word.
They have gone by the broken ridges, by mesa
and hill and swale,
Nor once did the red deer falter, nor the feet of
the runner fail;
So lightly they trod on the lupines that scarce
were the flower-stalks bent,
And over the tops of the dusky sage the wind of
their running went.

They have gone by the painted desert,
Where the dawn mists lie uncurled,
And over the purple ranges
On the outer rim of the world.
The people shout from the village,
And the sun gets up to spy
The royal deer and the runner,
Clear shining in the sky.
And ever the hunter watches for the rising of that
star
When he comes by the summer mountains where
the haunts of the red deer are,
When he comes by the morning meadows where
the young of the red deer hide;
He fares him forth to the hunting while the deer
and the runner bide.

FURRYHIDE AND GLITTERSKIN

ROUND about the choyital
Where the blue-throat lizards run,
Hoots the elf-owl from his burrow,
Squats the horned toad in the sun;



Where the glossy greasewood twinkles
And the mesquite dunes begin,
They have made their summer dwelling,
Furryhide and Glitterskin.

It has dark and winding hallways
And a chamber low and wide,

Walls and floors all smoothly patted
By the feet of Furryhide.
It has seven doors of exit
And not one the rain comes in,
But no doorway in that dwelling
Is too small for Glitterskin.

Dark those doorways and deserted
In the blinding desert noon,
But when night-jars chirr and hurtle,
When up comes the mesa moon,
Furryhide goes whisking, frisking,
Dancing with his fairy kin,
Gathering mesquite, nibbling grass seeds; —
Not a stroke does Glitterskin.

When the morning sun has warmed him,
And the kin of Furryhide
Sound are sleeping, he comes creeping,
Wicked jaws distended wide. —
Stoop you to the ruined dwelling,
Oh, so cautiously look in,
Red eyed in the dusky doorway,
There is only Glitterskin.

WINNEDUMAH

THIS the tale of Winnedumah
Whom the Paiute clans revere,
But you must not tell the story
When the snakes can overhear,
When the tall grass makes a cover
Where the spotted snakes may hide,
For the snakes are mischief makers,
Double-tongued and evil-eyed.

But when twilights chill and deepen,
When the streams run scant and small,
When the frost has nipped the piñons
And they hear the wild goose call,
When the children by their mothers
Snuggle closer in the byre,
When the young men come from hunting,
And the old men stir the fire;

Then they tell of Winnedumah,
How he lived and what he wrought,
Dealing straightly with his people,
Speaking truth as leaders ought.

Winnedumah and his brother —
Skilled in magic arts was he —
And they taught the Paiute peoples
What a brother's love should be.

When the warlike, fierce Shoshones
Broke their ancient metes and bounds,
Slew the mule-deer, chased the blacktail
On the Paiute hunting grounds,
When they stole the piñon harvest,
Stopped with earth the mountain springs,
Winnedumah put on war paint,
Put on plumes of eagles' wings;

Set his braves to track them featly,
Stalked them as they stalked the deer
By the high and windy headlands
By the passes straight and sheer.
All by night the women watching
Saw their signals in the sky,
Heard by day above the ambush
The beholding eagles cry.

When at last they drew to battle
Sped the fight in valiant part,
'Til about the hour of sunset
Flew a virus-venomed dart,

Struck at Winnedumah's brother —
Vultures wheeling heard the cry,
Heard the death wail, when the Paiutes
Saw their magic-maker die.

Then their hearts were turned to water,
Since no art the Healer saves;
Vultures wheeling slow and stately
Saw the fleeing of the braves.
Only Winnedumah lingered,
Standing on the skyline clear;
Lingered, calling for his brother
Who could neither come nor hear.

Lingered, questing through the twilight
Till he found his brother dead,
Saw the black plumes of his warriors
Through the cedars as they fled,
Saw the wattled huts of willow
Huddled in the Paiute town,
Saw the hot-eyed, fierce Shoshones
Come like wolves to pull him down.

Then the faithful Winnedumah,
Owning neither fault nor fear,
Cried to Taupee, god of Paiutes,
Saying, 'Taupee, Father, hear!'

Swift the word sped, swift the answer;
Taupee touched him where he stood,
Changed him to the granite boulder
High above the white-pine wood.

Gray at twilight, white at noonday,
Faithful Winnedumah stands,
But the thieving, fierce Shoshones
Come no more to vex our lands;
For the wrath of Taupee caught them,
Plunging headlong down the hill,
Changed them all to yellow pine trees,
Gnarled pine trees, standing still.

Then the little Paiute children
When the tale is ended quite,
Turn from leaning on their mothers
To look out across the night;
Then they look at Winnedumah
Darkling through the alpen glow;
Then they count the wicked pine trees
Up the stream-side all a-row;

Then they snuggle to their mothers;
Then they huddle in the byre;
Then they hear the back log singing;
Hear the pine sap in the fire;

Hear again of Winnedumah
Whom the Paiute clans revere —
But you must not tell the story
When the snakes can overhear.

SAN FRANCISCO

THE cable cars swing up the hill,
The cable cars swing down
And with them swings the roaring trade
Of San Francisco town.

A gull-gray city by the sea
The gray wall-sided warships win,
With sunlight on her windy hills,
And gray fog drifting in.

The tide goes up to Suisun,
The river fumbles at the Strait,
Westward the long Pacific swells
Slip sidling past the Golden Gate.

A green tide flows along the hills
And washes down into the sea,
The shadows of the waiting ships
Are darkly green as any tree.

And when the water lies at ease
And hills and sea melt into night,
With a slow sound the ferries pace
A milky way of light.

MOUNTAIN SONGS

WHISPER OF THE WIND

WHISPER of the wind along the sage.
Only wait till I can get the word —
Never was it printed in a page,
Never was it spoken, never heard.
Once I thought I had it when the moon
Stood up young and white behind the grass,
Ah, but it was gone again so soon,
On the scented hill I heard it pass!
Whisper of the wind along the sage —
That was it where once the lupine stirred —
At the moth-hour once I heard it plain,
Once. But I forget the very word.

THE DEER

UNDER the pines and hemlocks
So thick the needles lie
You scarcely hear
The shy, dun deer
With its young go softly by.



*Follow, follow,
By hill and hollow,
The dun buck bells to the doe,*

*The moon is bright,
And we feed to-night
Where the buckthorn thickets grow.*

Under the pines and the hemlocks
The thick, white cloud mists creep,
And drip all down
The needles brown
Where the dun deer lies asleep,
*Follow, follow,
By hill and hollow,
The doe to her spotted fawn;
'Tis dark o' the moon,
But day comes soon
For I sniff the breath of the dawn.*

Under the pines and hemlocks
Flickers through light and shade
The deer to his lair
In the deep fern there,
Or to pasture in open glade.
*Follow, follow,
By hill and hollow,
Dun buck, and fawn and doe.
The sun is high
And by day we lie
Where only the deer must know.*

WINTER IN THE SIERRAS

THE pines are black on Sierra's slope,
And white are the curling snows,
The flowers are gone, the buckthorn bare,



And chilly the north wind blows;
The pine boughs creak,
And the pine trees speak
The language the north wind knows.

There's never a track leads in or out
Of the cave of the big brown bear,
The squirrels have hid in their deepest holes
And fastened the door with care;
The gaunt wolf howls,
And the red fox prowls,
As they hunt far down from the lair.

The eagle hangs on the wing all day
For the chance of a single kill,
And the little gray hawk hunts far and wide
Before he can get his fill.
The white flakes sift,
And the snow wreaths drift
To the cañons deep and still.

THE ROCKY MOUNTAIN SHEEP

THE red deer loves the chaparral,
The hawk the wind-rocked pine;
The ouzel haunts the rills that race
The cañon's steep incline;
But the wild sheep from the battered rocks,
Sure foot and fleet of limb,
Gets up to see the stars go by
Along the mountain-rim.

For him the sky-built battlements,
For him the cliff and scar,
For him the deep-walled chasms
Where the roaring rivers are;
The gentian-flowered meadow-lands,
The tamarack slope and crest,
Above the eagle's screaming brood,
Above the wild wolf's quest.

When in the riot of the storms
The snow-flowers blossom fair,
The cattle get them to the plain,
The howlers to the lair.

The shepherd tends his foolish flocks
Along the mountain's hem;
But free and far the wild sheep are,
And God doth shepherd them.

STANDING GUARD

FIRST WATCH

WHEN the light is slant and low
And the evening winds are loose,
Then the cowboy slacks his hand,
Tired upon his tired cayuse.
When the windy torrents flow
Down the slopes of purple shadow,
Then the rein drops to the sand
While the hungry cattle go,
Eager cropping in the meadow,
And his yellow camp-fire glow
Through the tender, glooming shadow
Blooms across the darkling land.

In the fore-watch of the night
When awakes no beast or bird,
Wide about the guarding-ground
Mills the stubborn, anxious herd.
When above the dregs of night
In a swirling froth of light
Stars beyond the stars are hiding,
Then the cowboy on his round,

Sings to cheer his lonely riding;
Sings the shapes of fear to flight,
Till some lone coyote hiding
Wakes a chorus to the sound.

SECOND WATCH

In the dusky noon of sleep
When the moaning herd is down,
There's a formless fear that flies
Whimpering round the guarding ground;
There's a viewless fright ac creep,
Fit to wake the earthquake thunder
That from plain and plunging steep
Flies along the crouching skies,
From the pounding hoofbeats under: —
Keen the watch the riders keep,
Lest they wake the stampede thunder
And the viewless fear that flies.

There's a flaming planet wheels
In the lagging, lesser hours
When before the early chill
In his seat the rider cowers;
White the morning planet wheels,
Sick for sleep the cowboy reels,
Saddle-weary and yet riding.
When the bedded herd is still,



To its lair the shadow steals
While the sun-dawn smites the hills,
Then the morning freshness heals
All the ills of night-long riding.

THE BROWN BEAR

Now the wild bees that hive in the rocks
Are winding their horns, elfin shrill,
And hark, at the pine tree the woodpecker
knocks,



And the speckled grouse pipes on the hill.
Now the adder's dull brood wakes to run,
Now the sap mounts abundant and good,

And the brown bear has turned with his side to
the sun
In his lair in the depth of the wood —
Old Honey-Paw wakes in the wood.

‘Oh, a little more slumber,’ says he,
‘And a little more turning to sleep,’
But he feels the spring fervor that hurries the
bee

And the hunger that makes the trout leap;
So he ambles by thicket and trail,
So he noses the tender young shoots,
In the spring of year at the sign of the quail
The brown bear goes digging for roots —
For sappy and succulent roots.

Oh, as still goes the wolf on his quest
As the spotted snake glides through the rocks,
And the deer and the sheep count the lightest
foot best,
And slinking and sly trots the fox.
But fleet-foot and light-foot will stay,
And fawns by their mothers will quail
At the saplings that snap and the thickets that
sway
When Honey-Paw takes to the trail —
When he shuffles and grunts on the trail.

He has gathered the ground squirrel's hoard,
He has rifled the store of the bees,
He has caught the young trout at the shoals of
the ford

And stripped the wild plums from the trees;
So robbing and ranging he goes,
And the right to his pillage makes good
Till he rounds out the year at the first of the
snows

In his lair in the depth of the wood —
Old Honey-Paw sleeps in the wood.

TAMALPAIS

THAT mountain there,
That blue encircled mountain,
Tamalpais!
Whenever I see that mountain
I remember what the old men said.

The waters were over the land,
The whirling waters;
The little Duck there,
Keediweh, the little Duck,
Paddling, paddling,
On the cloud encompassed waters.

The sky there, the windy sky
Like a dirty deerskin quiver,
With arrows of lightning,
And Padahoon, the Sparrowhawk
Blown about the sky there.

Then said the Sparrowhawk:
Ho, little brother,
How shall we make land here?

With earth that I shall bring
From underneath the waters,
Said Keediweh, the little Duck,
And you shall build us mountains;
Sky propping hills
That the waters overwhelm not,
Around a space of quietness.

I shall build a ring here,
Said Padahoon, the Sparrowhawk,
Half for you and half for me,
So we shall live in quietness.

Four days the Duck dived,
Four days the Hawk built,
But his thoughts had left the straight road.

High rose the peaks on the side of the Sparrow-
hawk,
Scamped were the hills he built for Keediweh.
Angry was the little Duck, coming up from
diving.

Seized he hold of Shasta peak,
Pulled against the Sparrowhawk,
Tried to pull the ring around,
Making magic medicine, each against the other,
Till the ring was flattened, as to-day you see it,

Till it broke by Tamalpais and the sea came in,
Till the whelming waters threatened.

Stay, said the Sparrowhawk, frightened of the
waters,
Biting out the earth ring, throwing bites behind
him,
On the high Sierra side still the bites are showing,
Ho, little brother, shall we call a truce between
us?

Then said the little Duck,
Here by Tamalpais shall I build my wickiup,
You shall keep the high side,
The bitten side, the dry side,
But everywhere the water goes
On your side or my side,
The whirling whelming waters
That your greediness let in,
There go the duck tribe,
There you find the Keediwehs
There we scorn the hawk tribe and all their kin!

Thus do I remember what the old men said.

SNOW

ALL day the hills a brooding stillness keep,
As one who feels the near approach of sleep,
Whose thought goes straying idly — till it seems
Awake, to touch the borderland of dreams.



There is no wind to bid the pine trees speak,
The white fir drowns by the babbling creek

That in the silence feels itself dismayed,
And like a child, unhidden, but afraid,
Hushes its prattle to a whispered croon.
And everywhere
There is a poignant sense, not felt nor heard,
As if a mighty angel softly stirred
His strong pinions in our upper air.

As yet no wind, but clouds all white and slow,
Blind clouds that halt and fumble as they go,
Touching remembered landmarks, hill and spur,
Hoar pine and sapling, hemlock, spruce, and fir,
By lake and fall, by cañon, rift and scar,
By long dark reaches where the tamaracks are,
Heart sure, and yet, remembering they are blind,
Uplift mute hands the mountain's face to find.

Follows a little darkening of the air,
With cattle gathering on the lower hills
And sparrows querulous of coming ills,
And so day passes ere we are aware.

Rises the wind by night and builds a roof
Wherein his busy hands with warp and woof
Of frost and cloud go swiftly to and fro
Weaving the white pavilions of the snow.
A day and night within his sun-proof tent

Where his blown breath the tent-flaps outward
lift,
He shouts and labors in the smothering drift.
A day and night such as brings back the sense
Our fathers had of formless elements
In mortal strivings with the groaning air,
Then like Ithuriel's fabled spear of old
Thrusts in the dawn, steel blue, two-edged with
cold,
And lo! a world all white and wondrous fair.

THE FOREST RANGER

THE Forest Ranger rides from town
And low his bridle rein hangs down;
The sure foot mule that bears his pack
Jogs on unhaltered at his back;
 But if the jingling spur
Clanks for a moment on the ground
Half in the trail he turns him round
 To crop the tufted grass.

The Ranger strikes the hillward trail
And well his roving eyes avail
To mark what sign of weather bides
Up on the mountain where he rides,
 Or matters gone amiss;
What sapling firs the cattle broke,
What far trailed banners of blue smoke
 Announce forbidden fires.

His work to ward the viewless lines
That guard a thousand years of pines;
From foolish waste and careless fires
Defend the rain-imploring spires

That throng ascending steeps,
And where the seedling tree uprears
To hide the scar of witless years,
To stay the ruthless flocks.

His horse he pastures on the sod
Of glacier meadows else untrod,
One day he mends the dizzying trails
Where next the thunderous storm prevails:
Or be it snow or sleet
Tightens his knees to his horse's sides,
Swims the sharp ford and forward rides,
So rides he through the rain.

SONGS OF THE SOUTHWEST

WESTERN MAGIC

THERE are no fairy-folk in our Southwest,
The cactus spines would tear their filmy wings,
There's no dew anywhere for them to drink
And no green grass to make them fairy rings.

But sometimes in a windless blurr of dust
The impish twins of War and Chance go by,
Or after storms the Spider Woman mends
With thin drawn cloud, torn edges of the sky.

And there is One who plays upon the flute
In deep rock crevices where springs are found, —
'Twas at To-yallanne they saw him first, —
In April youths are magicked by the sound.

Hot dawns the turquoise horse, Johano-ai,
Races the sun in dust of glittering grains,
Or round Pelado Peak the Rainbow Boy
Goes dancing with the many-footed rains.

There are no fairy-folk in our Southwest,
But there are hours when prairie-dog and snake,

Black beetle and the tecolote owl
Between two winks their ancient forms will take,

Clad in white skins with shell shield glittering
The sun, their chief, the Ancient road will walk,
Half in her sleep the mothering earth
Of older things than fairy-folk will talk.

PRAIRIE-DOG TOWN

OLD Peter Prairie-Dog
Builds him a house
In Prairie-Dog Town,
With a door that goes down
And down and down,
And hall that goes under
And under and under,
Where you can't see the lightning,
You can't hear the thunder,
For they don't *like* thunder
In Prairie-Dog Town.

Old Peter Prairie-Dog
Digs him a cellar
In Prairie-Dog Town,
With a ceiling that is arched
And a wall that is round,
And the earth he takes out he makes
 into a mound.
And the hall and the cellar
Are dark as dark,
And you can't see a spark,

Not a single spark;
And the way to them cannot be found.

Old Peter Prairie-Dog
Knows a very clever trick
Of behaving like a stick
When he hears a sudden sound,
Like an old dead stick;
And when you turn your head
He'll jump quick, quick,
And be another stick
When you look around.
It is a clever trick,
And it keeps him safe and sound
In the cellar and the halls
That are under the mound
In Prairie-Dog Town.

HOMESICKNESS

It is sorrow to me not to be there
In the Rio Grande country where I belong,
Not to hear in March the drip of snow water,
To see the willows redden and the river greening,
Nor to watch in April at Peña Blanca
The wild plums blossom in a quick white storm.
Not to see the cut logs leaping
In the summer freshet of Peñasco water,
And the girls at Taos gathering plums in August,
The bent boughs leaning to the strong brown
arms.

Sorrow it is not to see the aspen money flying
Like curdled gold strained through the keen
bright air,

Or at Chimayó the chile drying
Till the walls of houses all come toward you
With the warm approaching red.
Oh, sorrow any time not to be there
In the Rio Grande country where I was bred!

TEXAS TRAINS AND TRAILS

WHENEVER I ride on the Texas plains
I never hear the couplings cluck,
I never hear the trains
Go chuck-a-luck, chuck-a-luck, chuck-a-luck,
I never hear the engine snort and snuffle,
I never see the smoke plume, I never watch the
rails,
But I see the moving dust where the beef herds
shuffle,
And I think I am a cowboy,
A rope and tie 'em cowboy,
Punching Texas longhorns
On the Texas trails.

And the engine goes *Whoop!*
Whoopee, whoopala!
And the cars go *Ki-yi,*
Ki-yi, ki-yi, coma-la ky-yi,
Whoopala,
Ki-yi!

Whoop!

No, I never hear the bell, nor the brakeman call
When I ride on the Texas trains;
But I hear the steers bellow and the yearlings
 bawl,
And the lone wolf howl on the wire grass plains.
And I never play I'm fireman, nor anything like
 that,
For I'm playing I'm a cowboy,
A bronco-bustin' cowboy,
Riding Texas longhorns
In a ten-gallon hat.

And the trains go *Youpi-ya*,
Get a-long, dogies,
Get a-long, get a-long
Youpi-yi, youpi-ya,
Youpi-youpi-youpi-ya
Get a-long, get a-long,
Youpi-ya,

Yo-o-u-u-p!

THE COYOTE AND THE CARRION CROW

At the end of the barley harvest when the foothill
pastures fail,
When the streams are stopped at their fountains
and the dry, hot winds prevail,
Then the hungry herds of the southland go up by
the mesa trail.
To the snow-fed northern pastures the crawling
dust heaps go,
And the gray coyote scents them afar and signals
the carrion crow.



Wing up, wing up, O carrion crow,
And tell me what you see!
(He will not venture a needless quest
For a lazy whelp is he.)

Oh, bellow and bleat, and pounding feet,
And heaving flanks I spy,

And some they lag at the herder's word,
And some are like to die.
Oh, long, long, long is the northland trail
And the pace they keep is slow,
And the bunch grass withers by hill and swale;
Ho, ho! said the carrion crow.

There is only his tilting shadow to temper the
desert sun
Where the hot air whirls in the hollows and the
little dust devils run,
And never a rill of water, and never a sound but
one;
'Tis the howl of the gray coyote far back on the
mesa path,
And the cattle paw in the bitter dust and bellow
their fear and wrath.

Wing up, wing up, O carrion crow,
And bring true word to me!
(He will not go where the herders spy
For a skulking thief is he.)

'Tis shambling feet, and dust they beat,
And nostrils wide and red,
And a white hot wind comes out of the south
To drive in the herders stead.

But long, long, long is the northland trail,
And well do the herders know
Who goes full fed when the cattle fail;
Ho, ho! said the carrion crow.

Trail up by the wind-scoured gullies, by the
craters scarred and high,
By the grudging rill of the Bitter Spring where
the heedless drink and die.
By the shallow, lineless valleys, and blank, wide
wall of the sky.
And over the trudging cattle flaps ever the
carrion crow,
And out and aside in the cactus scrub the slink-
ing, sly feet go.

Drop down, drop down, O carrion crow,
Drop down to the feast with me,
(If he knows where his wit may save his
skin
There are none so bold as he.)

And it's but to lurk till the yellow murk
Is laid in the wind's long wake,
And we who have ward of the desert lands
Of the desert our fee will take.

Oh, late, late, late comes the mesa moon,
But we sleep full fed I trow,
And the blue white dawn comes hot and
soon —
Good sport! said the carrion crow.

A FELLER I KNOW

His name it is Pedro-Pablo-Ignacio-Juan-
Francesco García y Gabaldon,
But the fellers call him Pete;
His folks belong to the Conquistadores
And he lives at the end of our street.

His father's father's great-grandfather
Was friends with the King of Spain
And his father peddles hot tamales
From here to Acequia-Madre Lane.

And Pete knows every one of the signs
For things that are lucky to do,
A charm to say for things that are lost,
And roots that are good to chew.

Evenings we go to Pedro's house
When there's firelight and rain
To hear of the Indians his grandfather fought
When they first came over from Spain.

And how De Vargas with swords and spurs
Came riding down our street,

And Pedro's mother gives us cakes
That are strange and spicey and sweet.

And we hear of gold that is buried and lost
On ranches they used to own,
And all us fellers think a lot
Of Pedro-Pablo-Ignacio-Juan-
Francesco García y Gabaldon.

ELF OWL

ELF owl, elf owl, what do you see,
All day winking and blinking?

I see the smut-nosed badger run
And the rattlesnake coiled asleep in the sun
And the gray coyote slinking.

Elf owl, elf owl, what do you hear?

I hear the nighthawk chirring,
The horned toads scuttering past in fear,
And the rabbit squeal where the red fox is stirring.

Elf owl, elf owl, what do you do
When all of us are sleeping?

I go down to the water hole to wait
Where the frisk tailed things come creeping,
And the little gray mice by the grass stalks climb
To the moon of the mesa, and bide my time

To mark the blind mole's furrow.
And I strike my kill,
And eat my fill,
And get me back to my burrow.

THE GRAND CAÑON

Now I know what becomes
Of the many-colored days,
Rose yellow evenings,
Red mornings and the hours
When all the hills
Are low and round like grapes
Amber and purple juiced,
And the leaf-colored earth
Pulses with light like sap.
Now I know where they go,
Touching Sandia, Jemez, and San Francisco
 peaks,
Wing and wing to the west.
They are on their way to the Grand Cañon.
There they lie, overlapping
In motionless unreality.
And all the dim blue dawns,
The lost twilights, hyacinth-hued,
Cuddle down in the cleft,
Old as the world
And all its many-colored days.

IN PAPAGUERIA

VERY far there
In Papagueria
Stands ocotillo, the torch flower.
It is swaying to the wind's song,
On the tips of its tall stems,
Like a scarlet bird
It dips and rises,
Like the bird's mate, dim breasted,
Its shadow follows
Delicately over the yellow sands.

Very far there, the bisnaga,
The great barrel cactus
Is swelling with the summer rains.
Leaning always toward the sun,
Clockwise its shadow goes,
While the young men gather bisnaga blossoms
For their maidens to fasten in their hair;
They are singing, 'What are bisnaga spines to me
Whom love is forever pricking in the side!'

Very far, in Papagueria,
It stands, the sahuaro

In its arms there, the red hawk's nest.
The blue lizards and the woodpeckers
Are running up and down.
Would I were there now,
Gathering crimson sahuaro fruit
For the syrup making,
Drinking sahuaro wine with the old men,
Prayer feathers fluttering.
Would I might hear again
The night-singing mockingbird
Climbing up and down his ladder of sound.

THE RHYME OF THE PRONGHORNS

*This is the tale that the howlers tell
At the end of the hunting weather,
When the quick rain rills
On the bare, burnt hills,
And they talk in the lair together
Gray coyote and lean gray mate
And little gray cubs that cry
When the wet wind shrills
In the lone, waste hills,
And the rains go roaring by.*

Now this is the law the pronghorn makes
For himself and the fawn and the doe,
When the rank wild oats are belly-deep,
And the waning poppies blow:
The young must run at the mother's flank,
But the bucks they run alone
From the time the old year's horns are cast,
Till the new year's horns are grown.

And up they go by the tumbled hills
Where the windy mesas lie,

And the black rock slips from the ruined lips
Of the craters stark and high;
And far they range, and fast they run;
But the howlers mark them go.
Oh, still and fleet are the padding feet,
And many a trick we know!



We bay them down from the feeding-ground,
We fend them back from the pool,
And ever we raise the hunting howl
When the sun-warmed mesas cool.
And well they need both wind and speed
When the gray coyote pack,
By twos and threes from the hidden hills,
Breathes hot on the pronghorn's track.

Oh, the red hawk knows where the gophers run,
The mice hear the elf owl call,
The badger hunts for the squirrel hills;
But man he hunts for us all.

And he has taken the pronghorn doe
And the buck with his gun and his snare;
He has set him a price on the howler's skin,
And tracked us home to the lair.

And now we lurk in the scrub by day,
And now we slink in the dark;
And only the foolish rabbits quake,
And only the squirrels hark.
And we must bark at the mesa moon,
And round by the sheep-folds prowl,
With never a kill that is worth our skill,
To raise at our hunting howl.
And we must eat of the sun-dried meat
Of the herds when the pastures fail,
And we who were lords of the mesa-lands
Must skulk from the white man's trail.

*Gray coyote and lean gray mate
And little gray cubs that bark,
Hearing the tale that their fathers tell
Up in the lair in the dark.*

ALL OUTDOORS

SHOWERS

THE showers race across the sky
To make the hilltops green,
The wind must blow them twenty ways
To wash the willows clean.

The spent drops twinkle in the grass
And mirror pools thread every lane,
While feather-wet the meadow lark
Is singing in the rain!

THE BEGGAR WIND

IN winter when the nights are long
The beggar wind goes crying,
And seeks above the shallow ponds
In midland pastures lying.
He whines above the dozing marsh
And through the orchards shivers,
He frets the leafless poplar row
And whimpers to the rivers.

O kindly waters, give, he cries,
A-cold and still imploring,
To warm me give your garnered heat
The summer heat you're storing.
And so he wheedles beggar wise
As through the dark he shivers,
So takes their dole and leaves behind
The ice on lakes and rivers.

SPRING IN THE VALLEY

WHEN the catkin's on the willow
And the tassel on the birch,
The wild bees from the hiving rocks
Begin their honey search.



Brown wings among the browner grass
And breast all brightening yellow —
Pipes up from meadows as we pass
The lark's call, clear and mellow;
Now wakes the burnished dragonfly
Beside the glinting river,

That shakes with silent laughter where
The iris banners quiver;
Now on the budding poplar boughs
The tuneful blackbirds perch:
For the catkin's on the willow
And the tassel on the birch!

Now stalks the solemn crow behind
The farmer in the furrow;
The downy owl comes out at dusk
And hoots beside his burrow.
Now blows a freshening wind at morn
To call men to the sowing;
Now all the waterways are full,
And all the pastures growing;
Now truant anglers drop a line
To catfish and to perch:
For the catkin's on the willow,
And the tassel on the birch!

SEA GULLS

WHEN the tides are full
'Tis the daring gull
Rides out the toiling sea;
When the tides are out
We scrabble and shout
Where the warring breakers flee;
When the sea squall whips
The staggering ships
There is sport for such as we.

For all our brood
The sea has food,
We gather where we may,
In the long white wake
The ferries make
Plowing the windy bay,
In the wasteful slack
Where the tides turn back
And the rivers bar the way.

But most we seek
Some rock shore bleak

Where hoarse sea-lions cry,
On the salt rimed edge
Of a sunless ledge
As the ravening surf goes by;
For such as we
Is the wrack of the sea;
We are wards of the deep and the sky.

INDIAN GIVING

O SEA that eats the land!
Round about the earth rim going,
Hollow maw and clutching hand,
With no halting in your flowing;
You that lap the slope and field
In the silt of creek and river,
Food that summer freshets yield —
You are but an Indian Giver!

Once you gave the lands to men —
Sea marks yet the hills are showing —
Will you have them back again,
Now you see how fair they're growing?

BLUE-EYED GRASS

BLUE-EYED grass in the meadow
And yarrow white on the hill,
Cat-tails that rustle and whisper
To a wind that is never still;

Blue-eyed grass in the meadow,
And a laden bee's low hum,
Milkweed that runs to be first in the field
Before the butterflies come;

Watersnakes making lacy rings
Round a cardinal-flower's red spear,
And blue-eyed grass in the meadow
To mark the noon of the year!

THE BLACK BRANT

By the level whispering beaches
Where a sea arm inland reaches
And the clacking gulls careen,
Where at bar the long surf grumbles
And the sea wrack rolls and tumbles,
Feed we, tide and tide between.

When the cranes go northward yearly,
When the geese honk high and clearly,
And the plover calls the rain,
Where the sea rim glints and glimmers
And the moon path to it shimmers,
Get we darkling to the main;

From the ice-blink on the edges
Of the stark, wind-driven wedges
That divide the Northern seas,
Sea birds of the shining feather,
Flock we craftily together
Where the pirate fulmar flees.

When the beach birds beat to cover,
Willet, sanderling, and plover,
 With our singing wings aslant,
Seek us in the high tide hollows
Where the stinging sea spume follows,
 We the sea kings, we the Brant!

CLOCKS AND CALENDARS

WHAT need has he of clocks who knows
When highest peaks are gilt and rose
Day has begun,

Or if the sun
Wears for that day his mask of cloud
Beneath it sees, —
Black wings barred white for day and night, —
The magpies in the piñon trees
Shouting the hour aloud;
Or who has found
High in the blue above the peaks
The sign he seeks,
Of buzzards making a merry-go-round?

What need of hours for whom
The mountain shadow marks the noon,
That straight begins to run
East from the mountain's foot against the sun;
For whom the turn from noon to afternoon
Is set by cattle underneath the trees,
Shut-eyed against the heat-dance on the plain?

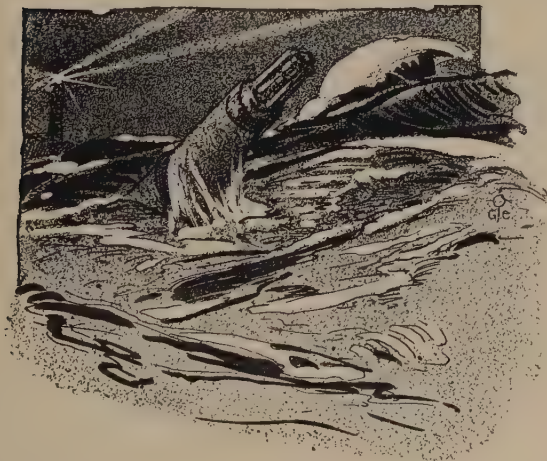
What dial prompter than the hour
The red hawk hunts on the mesa trail,
Or down to the water hole troop the quail,
Or the small pale moons of the gilia flower
Open against the level light?
And all the solemn night
The stars go clockwise round the Pole.

What use has he for calendars
Who notes the yellowing junipers
Grow suddenly taut and bright;
Who knows it is March when the eagles mate,
And June when he finds at the water gate
Yellow scum of the pollen of pine
Which the sheep men take for a sign
That the passes are cleared and the lake trout
bite;
Or who plants his corn when the scrub oak leaf
Is little and furred like a mouse's ear,
And when blue butterflies appear
Lays it by for the year?

Let me be one who never cares
A fig for clocks and calendars,
But with never a hurry and scarcely a fear
Lives by the signs of the day and the year.

LIGHTHOUSE AND WHISTLING BUOY

THE sea-sand drifts about my feet and whitens
on the dunes,
While, still complaining to the sky, the rocking
water croons;



The salt, salt spray blows in by day, by night the
breakers roar;
The white sea-horses toss their manes, all tramp-
ling on the shore.

All hours I hear the whistling-buoy across the
long tides cry,
And watch the smoke of steamships trail along
the down-bent sky,
And see the fog-bank mountains build, or doze
and dream all day,
Or count the sails of fisher-boats, or watch the
porpoise play.

But night at last steals down the sky, and be it
late or soon,
And be the ocean inky black or whitening to the
moon,
Or ruffling to a quiet wind or storm lashed, break-
ing high,
All night on all its changing moods I keep a
watchful eye.

And coastwise throw a steady beam, by which
the good ships steer;
And meanwhile sounds the whistling-buoy to bid
them not come near.
We have the trade of states to guard, and lives of
sailor-men
And sleep not till the screaming gulls call up the
day again.

And when the little fisher-boats come beating up
the bay,

We call them in by pier and port, or bid them
sheer away.

So up and down our coasts they ply, and fear its
reefs no more

While whistling-buoy and lighthouse keep their
watch along the shore.

SANTA MARIA DE TODO EL MUNDO

FELICIANO, our sheep herder says —
And Jose Maria, tie cutter for the Denver and
Rio Grande railroad says, too —
That he lives at Santa Maria de Todo el Mundo,
Which is the same as saying that his home is
Wherever he hangs up his hat.

It is saying that he goes where the trail goes,
That he takes what he finds with only liking for
a reason,
Young quail in the garramboya,
Pitahayas and piñon nuts in season.
It's saying he doesn't come in when it rains
But curled up in his poncho wakes to hear it
Pattering on the close piled aspen eaves;
Or the puma by the deer's half-eaten carcass
Screams in triumph as he leaves,
Or the bluebird wakes him with notes new-
washed and rounded
And a bright wet wing.

It's saying that he works for other men
But when the work is done there's nothing binds
him,

Nothing over, like lessons taken home from
school.

He keeps his axes sharp
Or makes his herd dogs mind him,
And for the rest he lives by liking, not by rule.

And I say myself, there's one thing certain,
Whatever comes, I'll save some days to live like
that,

At Santa Maria de Todo el Mundo,
Wherever I hang up my hat.

TRIBAL WISDOM

GRIZZLY BEAR

If you ever, ever, ever meet a grizzly bear,
You must never, never, never ask him *where*
He is going,
Or *what* he is doing;



For if you ever, ever, dare
To stop a grizzly bear,
You will never meet *another* grizzly bear.

DEAD WATER

At midnight drink no water,
For I have heard said
That on the stroke of midnight
All water goes dead.

You may drink the moment after,
Or the moment just before,
But it's better to be cautious
And wait a minute more,

Till the clock has finished striking
And to-morrow is to-day,
Or you'll drink dead water
And wither quite away.

SEVEN RHYMING RIDDLES

I

I COME more softly than a bird,
And lovely as a flower;



I sometimes last from year to year
And sometimes but an hour.

I stop the swiftest railroad train
Or break the stoutest tree.
And yet I am afraid of fire
And children play with me.



II

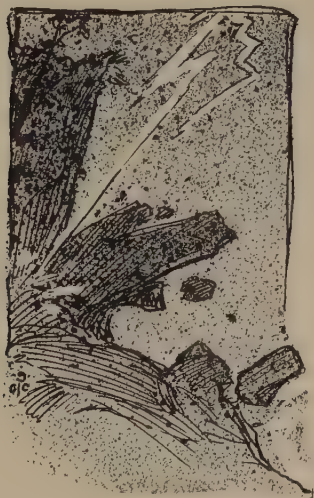
I being tightly bound
Work the faster,
Being strongly held
Best serve my master.



III

I have no wings, but yet I fly,
I'm slender as a snake and straight as rain,

Who takes me in must die,
Who lets me quickly go will surest gain.



IV

I never speak a word
But when my voice is heard
Even the mountains shake,
No hands I have
And yet great rocks I break.

V

I have a grave and solemn mien,
Yet children laugh wherever I am seen,



Though every Christian grace I lack
I always wear a cross upon my back.



VI

My mouth is always furthest from my head,
I run and run and run,
And yet I'm never done,
And somehow I am always found in bed.

VII

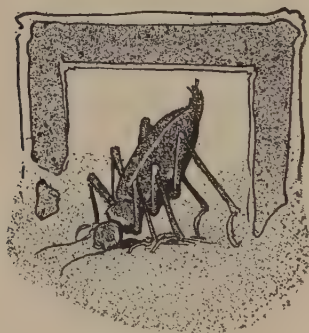
First I leave the little house
That I was born in,
Then I lose my overcoat,
Next I lose my skin.



First I am frosted,
Second, I am beaten,
Third, I am roasted,
Fourth, I am eaten.

ISHETS

If you ever see a beetle,
A shiny black beetle,
An absent-minded beetle,
Standing on his head in the sand,



You should never speak of stars,
Never, O my stars!
Not a word about stars,
You understand!

For the beetles once were people
When the very first people,

The Pima Indian people
Came up from under ground,
And gave Ishets the stars to carry,
The bag of stars to carry,
And told him he must hurry
And set the stars around.

He must set them all in order,
The large stars first in order
And the small stars for a border
All around the edge of night.
He must fasten them securely
So their risings would come surely
With the star beams shining purely
To give the people light.

But Ishet forgot to hold them
As the first, first people told him,
Though he knew that they would scold
him

If he let the stars escape.
So in less than half a minute
The star bag had nothing in it,
It had *almost* nothing in it,
And Ishets was in a scrape.
For the large stars had no order
And there wasn't any border

And Ishets for this disorder
Was in a dreadful scrape.

And that's the reason why
All across the summer sky
Stars in crooked clusters lie
With between them starless spaces,
And that's why, when you go walking,
If the beetles hear you talking
About stars, they hide their faces.
So you must not speak of stars,
You must never say, My stars!
Just to save the beetles' faces.

TRAVEL SIGNS

WHEN you go a-traveling
Early in the morning,



If you see a magpie
Traveler, take warning!
Turn you round straight away
Start again another day.

But if two should be together
In juniper or pine;
Go your way in confidence,
That's a lucky sign!

CHARMS

I

FOR WALKING

As I walk . . . as I walk . . .
The universe is walking with me . . .
Beautifully . . . it walks before me,
Beautifully . . . it walks behind . . .
Beautifully on every side . . .
As I walk . . . I walk in beauty.

II

FOR GOING A-HUNTING

O my brothers of the wilderness,
My little brothers,
For my necessities
I am about to kill you!
May the Master of Life who made you
In the form of the quarry
That the children may be fed,
Speedily provide you
Another house;
So there may be peace
Between me and thy spirit.

III

III

FOR KEEPING FRIENDS FAITHFUL

The strength of the vine
It has entered into my saying
 It will twine,
 It will twine,
 Around the heart of my friend.

The endurance of the oak
It has entered into my saying
 It will hold,
 It will hold,
 It will hold my friend forever.

The sureness of the sea
It has entered into my saying
 It will turn,
 It will turn,
 However far my friend has wandered
 He will return as the sea turns.

By the strength of the vine
By the endurance of the oak
By the sureness of the sea
By a threefold charm
I have bound my friend to me.

WISE MAN

OLD Tio Juan is the wisest man that lives;
He works for my father and sometimes talks to
me,

‘ And one “ take this ” is always better than two
“ I will gives, ” ’

Says he.

Or if I am talking, and Tio Juan hears,
Of how silly I think other people can be,
‘ One donkey calling another Long Ears,’
Says old Tio Juan, says he.

If he sees me being greedy about my pie
Or anything else that’s nice,
‘ Whoever eats and puts something by, spreads
the table twice,’
Says he.

Or if I am telling him something mean
That one of my friends has done to me,
‘ On the finest cloth the smallest spot is easiest
seen,’
Says he.

‘ A sparrow in the hand,’ says old Tio Juan,
‘ Is better than a vulture on the wing,’ says he,
‘ And better than a friend you can’t depend upon
Is an honest enemy.’

For a very wise man is old Tio Juan,
A wise old man is he.

PRAVERS TO THE OUTDOOR SAINTS

SANTA DOUCELINA

SWEET SAINT, whose eyes did see
The peach turn rosy on the tree,
Ripe moons of apricots appear
Through cloudy green,
Or skins of pears grow honey clear,
And at the sight
God's love was round you like a light,
Lady, watch in my orchard here,
It may be I shall see what you have seen!

Lady for whom need only pass
The striped snake in the low grass
Or field mouse squeak behind the plough,
Or any bird
Sing sweetly forth from any bough,
And at the sound
For you God's grace did suddenly abound,
Sweet Saint, walk in my orchard now,
It may be I shall hear what you have heard!

SAN ISIDRO

No bell, but blackbirds call my matin hour,
The brown loam curls before my share,
As I thank God for a ploughman saint
To heed a ploughman's prayer.



I do not, San Isidro, vainly ask
Angels to plough for me as once for you,
But help me drive the ploughshare deep
And hold the furrow true.

I do not pray for sudden springs to gush
With welcome water from the sun parched plain

But since on all the rain must fall,
Send us the poor man's rain.

A farmer has so many worrying things
That seem too small for him to ask of God,
To make the corn fill out the tasselling ear,
The beans round out the pod,

To make the cows give down their milk
And keep the prices fair,
But San Isidro, friend and farmer once,
Hearken a ploughman's prayer.

OUR LADY OF GUADALOUPE

GUADALUPANA,
You who did make
Out of bare rocks
At Tepeyac,
Roses to bloom
For Juan Diego: —
Grant Gracious Lady,
Out of this soil
And my hard labor,
Red rose and yellow
And white with Thy whiteness,
Grant that my pansies,
My zinnias and phloxes

Declare by their brightness
Thy happy appearing,
Like my tall hollyhocks
Statelily walking.
Blue be my larkspurs
As folds of Thy mantle,
Shining my marigolds
As the stars round Thee.
Guadalupana,
Smile on my garden.

SAN FRANCISCO

SAINT that in gentleness
With the wild creatures there
Walked in the wilderness,
Preaching to wolf and snake
Kindness for Jesus' sake,
And to birds of the air:
Of thy sweet friendliness
Mine be a share!
Let me not needlessly
Waken to fear of me
Any least thing
That goes with claw or wing,
Squirrel in hollow tree,
Birds in their nest.
Let me not heedlessly

Scare the shy waterfowl
From reedy rest.
And if I cannot preach
God's gracious word
To any beast or bird,
May all God's creatures teach
God's ways to me!

MORNING PRAYER

I ARISE, facing east,
I am asking toward the light:
I am asking that my day
Shall be beautiful with light,
I am asking that the place
Where my feet are shall be light,
That as far as I can see
I shall follow it aright.
I am asking for the courage
To go forward through the shadow.
I am asking toward the light!

EVENING PRAYER

O GREAT MYSTERY,
My heart is open
Although my mind is sleeping
And my eyes are shut.
Come, Great Mystery,
Into the secret places,
And while my mind is sleeping
My heart be teaching.
Then all day thereafter
My heart shall be remembering
What it knew at night,
And however my thought stumbles
My heart will stand upright.

SONGS FOR OCCASIONS

A SONG OF WESTERN MEN

*Come let us sing of Western men,
Stout men and true.*

*Viva! Whoopla! Hurray!
If it wasn't for fellows like these now and then
What would the rest of us do!*

Sing now of Adelantados,
Viva, Whoopla, Hurray!
Of Cabeza de Vaca,
Fray Marco de Niza,
Of Don Fernando de Coronado
And his Spanish gentlemen
God rest their souls.

Amen!

Sing now of Conquistadores,
Viva, Whoopla, Hurray!
Of Don Juan Oñate
The first of our founders
Diego de Vargas who saved the land for us
And their capitans nine and ten,
God bless their work,

Amen!

Sing now of famous trail makers

Viva, Whoopla, Hurray!

Of Fray Escalante

And fighting Kit Carson,

Of Zebulon Pike and his thousand-mile hike

God send us their like

Again.

Come let us sing of Western men,

Stout men and true.

If it wasn't for fellows like these now and then,

What would the rest of us do.

LITTLE SONGS OF SPRING

I

CREAM-CUPS, butter-cups,
Dandelions and sedges;
Blackbirds in the poplar row,
Sparrows in the hedges;
Fruit-buds in the orchard
Swelling with the rain;
All the close-fed pasture-lands
Growing green again.
Poppies on the river-bluff
Soon will wake from sleeping;
Home along the foothills
Woolly clouds come creeping.

II

Painted-cup, O painted-cup,
Tell me what you hold!
Just a drop of honey dew
And dust of yellow gold;
For ruby-throat and speckled-wing,
And brown-barred, buzzing bee.

And when they all have had their fill,
The painted-cup for me!

III

Where poppies blow,
Where sunshine melts in soft warm showers
That bluster down the happy vales,
And when the mood of showering fails
Laugh mid the rainbow-tinted flowers
By dim sweet trails.

Where poppies blow,
And sheep across the hilltops graze,
And fishing smacks far out at sea
Mark all their shoreward slopes ablaze,
There would I be,

Where poppies blow!

LITTLE SONGS OF OCTOBER

PIÑONERO

OH, Piñonero!

Now you are back in the piñon tree,

It means snow on the mountain

And school for me,

Piñonero!

And I wish I had nothing else to do

Than flit about in a coat of blue

Eating piñon nuts,

Like you,

Piñonero!

RABBIT-BRUSH

All down arroyo seco

Where a river should belong,

There's never any river

All summer long.

But as soon as comes October

There's a yellow river flows,

A frothy yellow river,

A money-yellow river

Where the rabbit-brush grows.

HUNTING WEATHER

When misty, misty mornings come,
When wild geese low are flying,
And down along the tule marsh
The mallard drakes are crying;



When cattle leave the highest hills,
And blackbirds flock together —
By all these signs the hunter knows
Has come good hunting weather!

THE SHEPHERDS IN JUDEA

O THE shepherds in Judea,
They are pacing to and fro,
For the air is chill at twilight,
And the weanling lambs are slow.

Leave, O lambs, the dipping sedges, quit the
bramble and the briar,
Quit the fields of barley stubble, for we light the
watching fire;
Twinkling fires across the twilight, and a bitter
watch to keep
Lest the prowlers come a-thieving where the
flocks unguarded sleep.

O the shepherds in Judea,
They are singing soft and low,
Song the blessed angels taught them
All the centuries ago.

There was never roof to hide them, there were
never walls to bind,
Stark they lie beneath the star beams whom the
blessed angels find;

With the huddled flocks upstarting, wondering if
they hear aright,
While the Kings came riding, riding, solemn
shadows in the night.

O the shepherds in Judea,
They are thinking as they go
Of the light that broke their watching
On the hillside in the snow.
Scattered snow along the hilltops, white as spring-
time fleeces are
With the whiter wings above them, and the glory
streaming star;
Guiding star across the house-tops; never fear the
shepherds felt,
Till they found the Babe in manger where the
kindly cattle knelt.

O the shepherds in Judea, —
Do you think the shepherds know
How earth round our hearts are brightened
By the ruddy Christmas glow;
How the sighs are lost in laughter and the laugh-
ter brings the tears
As the thoughts of men go seeking back across
the darkling years,

Till they find the wayside stable that the star-led
Wise-men found,
With the shepherds, mute, adoring, and the glory
shining round.

A CHILD'S NIGHT THOUGHTS

WHEN I go to bed in summer
It is neither day nor night,
But too dark for any playing,
And too clear for candle light;
And I watch the weeping willow,
Like my mother's loosened hair,
Sweeping softly past my window,
Lifting in the wandering air.

Then I hear the wild things talking,
From the meadow hear the frogs,
Hear the crickets in the windrows,
And the far off barking dogs.
Then the bats go swift and stilly
And the flittering moths are free,
And the pale, wide primrose blossoms
Seem like fairy moons to me.

To some far off starry pastures
Every cloud the wind has led,
And I go out as the moth goes,
Though my body lies a-bed;

Just my thought goes out a-roving
On two flitting, velvet wings,
To be playing in the wood-glooms
With the soft-foot, furry things.

Goes out softly to the pastures,
And the pleasant path that leads



By the hang nest in the hazel,
And the teary jewel-weeds;
Goes and sits up where the owl sits,
Where the fairy field mice creep,
Finds the red fox in the wood-lot,
And the striped snake asleep.

By and by the moon comes climbing
Up the long steep wall of sky,
Climbs up slowly by the hilltops
Where the grass stems rank and high
Stand up black against the moon face
Like a forest in the sod,
And the moon so white and quiet,
Makes me somehow think of God.

But when comes no moon at all,
Just one winking, windy star,
Then I think I should be frightened
For God seems so very far;
But the frogs keep on all night,
And a cricket chirps for proof,
And the house seems snug and safe
When the wind walks on the roof.

EVENSONG

REST thee, rest thee, pretty one,
Roaring waves have hid the sun,
Shepherd dogs upon the hill
Pace the flock round, slow and still,
Lest the red-eyed prowler spy them,
Lest the wicked wolf come nigh them.
Till the shepherd's watch is done
Rest thee, rest thee, pretty one!

Rest thee, rest thee, merry maid,
Up the hill-slope creeps the shade,
Now the clovers fold their leaves
Bowed above the blossom sheaves,
At the spring the doves are drinking,
Night-eyed primrose buds are winking
In the pastures where you played.
Rest thee, rest thee, merry maid!

Rest thee, rest thee, happy lad,
Flit the dreams of sports you had
Round the sill and up the stair;
Time to set the dreamland snare.

Till you hear the peewits crying
Dreams of sea and wild wood vying
So to make thy slumber glad;
Rest thee, rest thee, happy lad!

Rest thee, rest thee, pretty one,
Owl that has his song begun
Tells how king and camp and court
For such dreams would leave their sport,
Tells that some are all night weeping
Who would envy this thy sleeping;
Till the sea gives up the sun
Rest thee, rest thee, pretty one!

THE CHRISTMAS FIR

*The wind it wends through the young green leaves,
And a whisper runs in the wood
That whatever has root in the earth believes
That the earth works only good:
And the whole wood knows what virtue goes
To the balsam drip of the pine,
To the oak and the larch, and the elm's broad arch
And the linden's tassels fine.
But vainly flutter the gossip leaves,
And vainly the branches stir
To guess what secret meaning grows
In the whorls of the star-branched fir.*

O the gnarly oak grows all abroad,
And the birch is slight and trim,
And the bramble sprawls where the adder crawls
By the slant gray boulders' rim.

But straightly, straightly groweth the fir
Where the white whipped waters are,
Greenly spreadeth her branches new;
And the branches form a star.

There are no two leaves of the oak alike,
And no two chestnut burrs,
But each is a twin of the other one
In the boughs of the silver firs.

And ever the star-form they repeat
With never a slip or loss,
And the smallest twig and the topmost sprig
Of the evergreen firs, is a cross.

O the trooping quail go by, go by,
When the shadows are blue and cool,
And the shy brown deer stoop under the boughs
To drink of the still brown pool;

The wind goes quizzing the shambling bears
That harry the hiving bees,
And the little gray hawks that hunt in the gloom
Of the stately, star-built trees.

The small furred creatures peek and pry,
Frisk under the boughs and out,
For every one of the wood folk knows
What the wood is whispering about.

But ever when winter's noon draws near
And the blinding storms slant down,

When the buck and the doe fleet over the snow
And the choppers come out from the town;

Then keenly, keenly the axes ring
Where the snow drifts curl and press,
For the choppers have chosen the straightest
 firs
Of a tall man's height or less.

And down in the village homes by night
You can hear the children shout
When the candles alight on the Christmas trees
Through the dim, wet panes shine out.

There are gay little gifts on the silvery twigs,
And candles on every bough,
And the fir tree trembles its fibers through
For we know its secret now.

For we hear in a tale of the cross and the star
That brighten the long time through,
And the gift that came to the world with
 these, —
The Christmas tale that is true.

And we love to think that the silver fir
In the shape of a star is set

And the young green twigs into crosses grow
That men may never forget,

When the Christmas lights burn low, burn low,
And the year is past its tide,
When the children gather their gifts in sleep,
And the tree is cast aside.

But the hills that slope to the curdled streams
Feel never a lack nor a loss,
For others will grow in the sleet and the snow
In the shape of the star and the cross.

*O the wind it wends through the young green leaves,
And a whisper runs in the wood,
For the kind earth worketh her will in them,
And the will of the earth is good.*

SAILOR DEAD — SOLDIER DEAD

SOLDIER dead, soldier dead,
Do you wake and know the hour
When the children two and two —
Rosy flag and rosy flower —
Stir the grave grass with their marching
 overhead?

Do you quicken to no sigh,
Does no smallest piercing cry
Break the silence where you lie,
 Soldier dead?

Once we left our books and play,
Once we came with running feet,
When we heard the stirring drum,
Heard the soldiers in the street,
When we pushed between the knees along
 the line,
When we saw the jackets blue,
Heard the fifer fifeing true,
Then we wished that we were you,
 Brave and fine.

Now we think how still you lie,
And how low your grassy tents,
Think how chill the graveyard air,
And how cold the monuments;
So we know you must be glad to have us come,
Glad of blossoms that we spill,
Glad of banners bright and still,
Of the fifer fifeing shrill,
And the drum.

Sailor dead, sailor dead,
From the pastures that you knew,
Where the upland plover pipes,
From the woodlands where they grew,
Here are garlands we have gathered, white and
red,
And we cast them on the waves
From the shore your valor saves,
For we do not know your graves,
Sailor dead.

Sailor dead, soldier dead,
Though our thoughts are little worth,
Yet our thinking comes to this,
Only you of all the earth
Know the wonder that is hid from such as we,
Why we draw the quickened breath,

Why we pant for soldier death
When the trumpet cries and saith,
 ‘Follow me!’

Now the files of veterans go,
Now the crowds and music pass,
Will you whisper to us true,
Whisper through the leaning grass, —
As we spell among the graves the thing
 you know?

What we pant for you have found,
Lying straightly under ground,
Without motion, without sound,
 All arow.

But we cannot hear it plain
For the trumpet frets and cries,
And we cannot see it clear
For the banners blind our eyes,
And the warm air stirs the bright boughs
 overhead,
And we think perhaps we, too,
Must come here to lie with you
Ere we get the message true,
 Soldier dead.

THANKSGIVING

WHEN we sit down to turkey, roast turkey,
— A plump and crispy drumstick or a tender
slice of breast —

When we sit down to turkey on a Thursday in
November

To cranberries and celery and gravy and the rest;
With second helps of everything so savory and
hot,

When we sit down to turkey there's something to
remember,

And some one to be thankful to that's usually
forgot.

When we sit down to pumpkin pie and maple
syrup sundae,

To potatoes and tomatoes and to luscious lima
beans

To succotash and peanuts and clams and popping
corn,

There's something to be thought besides what
Thanksgiving means —

And Puritans and Presidents to whom our thanks
are due, —
About a thousand years before a Puritan was
born,
Among the first Americans who gave these things
to you.

There's something to be thought of with grati-
tude and wonder
On the grass called *teosinte* which the patient
Redman found,
Which he loved and labored over till it answered
with a yield
That has saved a world from famine; and the
tuber small and round
Which he coaxed to be potatoes, and the seed
whose snowy fleece
Makes the half of all our clothing, and the smoke
that going round
In after dinner comfort, spells a full-fed people's
peace.

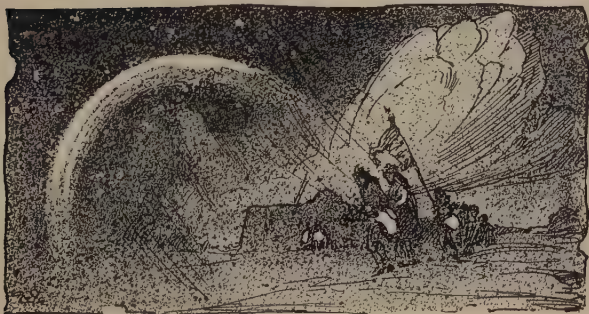
When we sit down to turkey, roast turkey,
There are thanks too long ungiven, and things
that must be thought
About the first Americans whom so seldom we
remember,

And whether we've repaid them for the things
they gave and taught,
And if not, is there something we could do to
make amends,
When we sit down to turkey on a Thursday in
November
On the day that all Americans should be the best
of friends.

SONGS THE INDIANS SING

RAIN SONG OF THE RIO GRANDE PUEBLOS

PEOPLE of the Middle Heaven
Come to us, come to us!
People of the rainbow,
COME, COME, COME, COME,



People of the thunder,
COME . . . O COME!
People of the lightning,
Send your serpent darting arrows!
COME, COME, COME, COME,
People of the white clouds,

*White blossom clouds of the Middle Heaven
Meadows*

Come to us, come to us!

People of the dark clouds,

COME, COME, COME, COME,

Level lying clouds of the straight stretched mesas

Moving to and fro, to make the earth more fruitful

Pour down, pour down

RAIN, RAIN, RAIN!

SONG OF LIFE RENEWAL

THE wind stirs the willows,
The wind stirs the grasses!

The cottonwoods are growing tall
They are growing tall and green.

From the Paiute.

SONG OF A YOUTH WHOSE FATHER
WAS KILLED IN THE WAR

SOMETHING red my father wears now
Where his life was,
Oh, young men, whose wound stripes
are on your sleeves,
Walk you reverently
Pronouncing my father's name.

Oh, my father,
The old men
Remember you!
I hear them saying
There goes a warrior's son!
From the Sioux.

SONG OF A MAN ABOUT TO DIE IN
A STRANGE LAND

If I die here
In a strange land,
If I die
In a land I do not know,
Nevertheless, the thunder,
The rolling thunder will take me home.

If I die here, the wind,
The wind rushing over the prairie,
The wind will take me home.

The wind and the thunder
They are the same everywhere.
What does it matter then,
If I die here in a strange land.

From the Chippewa.

A SONG OF GREATNESS

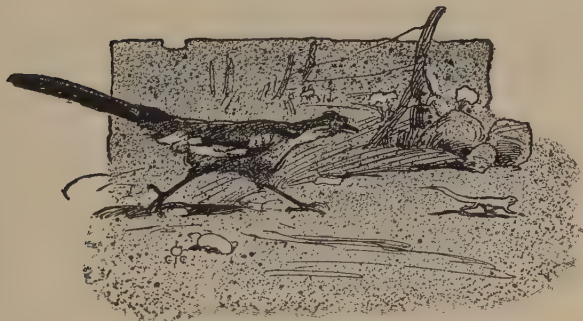
WHEN I hear the old men
Telling of heroes,
Telling of great deeds
Of ancient days,
When I hear that telling
Then I think within me
I too, am one of these.

When I hear the people
Praising great ones,
Then I know that I too
Shall be esteemed,
I too when my time comes
Shall do mightily.

From the Chippewa.

THE ROAD-RUNNER

ROAD-RUNNER with the crested head
Goes crying poi, poi,
As he runs around the house,
Poi, poi, all around the house.



Here is the lonely road-runner
Poi, poi, the lonely road-runner,
He eats lizards in the morning,
He eats solitary lizards.

Here is the red-eyed road-runner,
Poi, poi, the red-eyed road-runner

Who runs about the mistletoe,
This is the red-eyed road-runner.

*I run and hide
I run and hide,
Now I kill gray lizard,
His fat body I eat up.
I run and hide,
I run and hide
In the garramboya bush.*

From the Pima.

CHICKEN-HAWK'S SONG

THAT old owl there,
He hates me, he hates me,
That old owl,



Because I bring home rabbits,
White tailed rabbits,
Tender, flopping rabbits,
When he brings none!

From the Navajo.

GLOSSY LOCKS

Glossy Locks picks them up,
Glossy Locks picks them up,
Little Dove picks them up,
The lucky ones,
The winning ones.
 Ai, Little Dove!

Red Moccasin picks them up,
Red Moccasin picks them up,
Little Dove picks them up,
He picks them for me
The lucky ones,
 For me, Little Dove!

From the Navajo.

SONG OF THE RED FOX

ON that stone ridge I go,

Hauh, hauh!

EAST I go,

Hauh, hauh!



On the white road I go crouching

Crouching I go,

Hauh, hauh!

I yelp on the road of stars.

Hauh, hauh, hauh!

Northern California tribes.

YOUNG MEN'S SONG

AH — ahou! Ahouhou! ¹
Hi..Hi..Hia — ah — ah!

Go we now,
Go we now,
Go..o..o now!

Go we where the trail leads,
It leads before us,

Ahou..aou..aou..aou..aou..aou! ²
Aiha ai ai ai ai!
Go we
Go we
Go..o..o now!

Many scalps
We shall bring returning,

¹ Yelp to attract attention of the war god.

² Prolong by clapping hand to mouth.

Go we
Ahou!
Ahou! ahou!

Hi..Hi..Hi!
Ai..Ai..Ai..Ai..Ai..ee!

Plains tribes.

BUFFALO SONGS

BEHOLD me, I arise,
Mon-non-ti-de, I arise
The great chief buffalo
Whose tread makes the earth rumble.
I arise, Hiu-gthe-ton-ga,
In whose thighs there is strength,
I arise now,
I who am called Tail-curved-back
In my anger, I arise.

Behold me, I arise,
The bull buffalo,
In whose humped shoulders there is power,
I arise, Pa-he-ga-sho,
I who shakes his mane, raging,
When I am brought to bay.
I arise now.

Behold me, I arise,
Curved-horns, He-thi-sdu-sha,
They are very sharp,
With them I make knife wounds,

With them I prevail against the foe.
Behold me, I who obey the Mysterious One,



Commanded to go forth
Into the visible world,
I the great bull buffalo,
I arise!
From the Osage.

FIRE DRILL SONGS

I

KINDLE, kindle ye the fire!

Twirl, twirl, twirl the fire drill,
Twirl the spindle and the bow,
Twirl and grind!

Twirl the fire sticks,
Twirl till they sing.
Twirl till the sparks come,
Kindle, kindle ye the flame!

Twirl, twirl, till the smoke comes,
A blue thread, the smoke comes,
Twirl till the flames rise,
The red flames rise.
Twirl and grind!

II

Look you!
I make the fire,
Red fire I make,
Watch the flames as they rise.

Look you!
I make the fire,
The flames stand upright.
The fire I am making!



Look you!
With the fire sticks,
With the spindle and the bow
I the fire make.
I drop it on the tinder,
See the flames spread.
Lo, the fire is made!

From the Osage.

CORN-PLANTING SONGS

(Sung by Osage women as they press the corn seed into the
ground with their feet)

I

FOOTPRINTS I have made,
Sacred footprints,
Over the corn hill.
Footprints I have made,
They lie in even lines
Firming the planted seed.

Footprints I have made,
Mysterious footprints,
They are broken now
By the small green spears,
Footprints through which come up
Green leafy stalks of the corn.
They wave to each other in the wind.
Footprints I have made,
Over them the young corn ears
Lean to each other in profusion,
Over the footprints I have made

I pluck the foodful ears,
The ripe corn I gather.

II

My footprints, that lie in even lines,
Over them I break the dry stalks,
Gray litter of stalks covers the ground,
From my house gray smoke arises,
There is joy in my house
Because of the abundant corn.

My footprints!
The footprints I have made
They are sacred and mysterious,
Through them life has come,
Life of the corn which is my life,
Through my footprints!

III

The footprints I have made,
I shall go to see them!
The footprints that lie in even rows.
I shall go to see
The earth broken through the footprints,
The stalks that stand with spreading blades,
The broad blades waving in the wind
I shall go to see.

I shall go to see
The ears that overhang and cross each other,
The ripe ears I shall gather.



I shall go to see
The pale broken ends of stalks
Like blossoms over the field,
I shall go to see the ripened ears

That cause smoke to rise in my house,
That bring joy to my house
The joy of fruition,
The day of harvest!

From the Osage.

MOUNTAIN CHANT

I

THE voice that beautifies the land,
The voice above!
The voice of the thunder
Within the dark cloud.
Again and again it sounds,
Thonah, thonah,
The voice of the thunder!

The voice that beautifies the land,
The voice below!
The voice of the grasshopper,
Among the plants,
Again and again it sounds,
The voice that beautifies the land.

II

In beauty may I walk
All day long may I walk
Through the returning season may I walk
On the trail marked with pollen may I walk
With grasshoppers about my feet may I walk

With dew about my feet may I walk
With beauty before me may I walk
With beauty behind me may I walk
With beauty above me may I walk
With beauty below me may I walk
In old age wandering on a trail of beauty may
 I walk
Lively may I walk
In old age wandering, living again,
In beauty may I walk.
In beauty it is finished!

III

In the house of dawn,
In the house made of evening twilight,
In the house made of dark cloud,
The path to which is on the rainbow
Where the zigzag lightning stands high on top.
Oh, rain god,
With your moccasins of dark cloud, come to us,
With the rainbow hanging high on the ends of
 your wings
Come to us soaring!
From the Navajo.

NOTES

RATHERS

Wire-grass is the short, wiry grass that covers all the high plains of the west. It turns yellow early and stands stiffly up in all weathers. Once it was a sure sign of antelope country.

Juniper wood from a lightning-blasted tree. The California Indians think that wood from a tree killed by lightning makes better bows than any other. It is more elastic and lasts longer.

THE SEA MARSH

Samphire is the green and reddish weed that covers the salt water marshes from the southern end of San Francisco Bay to the Salinas River, and many other places, making them look like a gay Oriental rug.

DORMIDERA

This is a Spanish word meaning 'sleeper,' given to the yellow California poppy because of its habit of staying curled up except when the sun shines brightly. It is also called '*copa de oro*' or cup of gold, by the Spanish children.

The Padres. The Franciscan monks who founded the Missions of California. 'Padre' means 'father.'

AT CARMEL

Auklet, a small sea-bird whose cry is seldom heard until after dark.

THE SHEPHERD WIND

The 'tale' of the flocks is the account the herders keep. It is an old English word from which our word 'tally' is taken.

THE DEER STAR

The Paiute Indians tell this story of the bright star which may be seen in the eastern sky just before sunrise of summer mornings, known as Sirius in the constellation Canis Major, also called the 'dog star.' The Paiutes, who live along the western edge of California and in Nevada, say that the best time to hunt deer is when this star is in the sky, which is really true. But it is no unusual thing for Indians to be able to run down a deer and catch it with their hands. I know Papagoes who can do it to this day.

FURRYHIDE AND GLITTERSKIN

Choyital means a place where the cholla cactus grows. It is sometimes spelled 'chollital,' but as 'cholla' is really pronounced choya all over the Southwest, it seems better to spell it that way. The cholla cactus is also called 'cane cactus' because of its round straight stems.

Mesquite is a thorny shrub growing all over the American desert, that in the course of three or four hundred years makes a tree twenty-five or thirty feet tall, which is often hidden almost to the top in drift-

ing sand. It has fine lacy leaves, and pods like a locust tree, but smaller. The pods are sweet and very nourishing. The Indians grind them up and make them into a kind of bread which keeps for a year or two.

WINNEDUMAH

The Paiutes of Owens Valley in California tell this story about a granite boulder about a hundred feet tall which stands on the crest of the first desert mountain range west of the Sierra Nevadas, opposite Kearsarge Pass.

Travelers over Kearsarge Pass, of California's Sierra Nevada, coming from Kings River, are always impressed by the skyward pointing granite pinnacle directly on the crest of the opposite Inyo range. It stands out singly against the pale desert sky and is a conspicuous landmark far up and down Owens Valley and from any point on the easterly Sierra. Just above Independence toward Kearsarge, bordering the stream that runs down from it, is a single file of pines of a variety not found elsewhere in that vicinity. The presence of both the pines and the great boulder are accounted for in the preceding legend, related by the Paiute Indians of Owens Valley. Concerning the spelling of the tribal name, Paiute, in place of Pah-ute, has been adopted by the Indian commissioners, while the United States geological survey prefers Pahute.

WESTERN MAGIC

The *twins of War and Chance* belong to the Pueblo

Indians of Arizona and New Mexico; their names are Ahayuta and Matsalima. They have the power of changing their size and form at will, and are responsible for much mischief and occasional good deeds.

The *Spider Woman* belongs to all the Southwest. She sits in the sky and spins the threads of cloud that other people call 'Standing Rain.'

The one who plays upon the flute has an unpronounceable name. *To-yal'lan-ne* means Corn Mountain, sometimes called Thunder Mountain, which stands up over Zuñi Pueblo in Arizona.

Pelado Peak is in the Navajo country, but the *Rainbow Boy* plays all over the Southwest.

Tecolote is a common name in the Southwest for small owls.

The sun carries a shield covered with white shell beads such as the desert Indians use for money.

HOMESICKNESS

Peña Blanca means White Rock.

Peñasco Water means Rocky Creek.

Taos is the name of the most Northern Pueblo; the meaning is not known.

Chimayo, once an Indian Pueblo, is now a New Mexico town which is famous for blankets made there.

TEXAS TRAINS AND TRAILS

Nearly all the trails in Texas remind one of cowboys, but the one best known is the old Chisholm Trail by which the cattle were driven up from the ranges to the railroad and markets, or to summer

feeding grounds farther north. The refrains were arranged for me by Newton Gains, of Christian University at Fort Worth, Texas, and are taken from well-known cowboy songs, which were mostly made to sing on horseback, as you can tell by trying them yourself at a lope, a trot, or a slow walk.

Dogies are calves recently separated from their mothers.

COYOTE AND CARRION CROW

The *coyote* is a small prairie wolf, recognized by his sharp-pointed muzzle, upright large ears, moderately long bushy tail, grayish color, and, at night, by his peculiar prolonged howl which often sounds as if made by several coyotes at once. He eats all smaller animals as well as carrion, and is a pest to farmers, carrying off their chickens, lambs, and little pigs. One coyote will seldom attack any animal larger than himself, but several of them together will kill antelope, deer, young colts and calves. The word is of Mexican-Indian origin and Spanish spelling. It should be pronounced 'cō-yō'tay.' The pronunciation 'ki-yote' is only used by ignorant people. There is a good story about the coyote in *The Basket Woman*.

The *carrion crow* is larger and glossier than the common crow. Both he and the buzzard will hang on the trail of a flock or a herd for days, on the chance of one falling out to die.

A FELLER I KNOW

This feller's name should be pronounced Páy-

dthro-Páhb-lo-Ee-náh-ci-o-Huán-Frahn-sáys-co Gar-
ceé-ah ee Gab-ahl-dón.

The *Conquistadores* (cōn-keest-ah-dōr'ays) are the Spanish people who first conquered and settled in New Mexico. The word means conquerors.

De Vargas was the name of the Spanish general who reconquered New Mexico after the Indians had revolted against the Spanish, and in 1680 killed or drove out all the Spanish settlers. De Vargas re-entered Santa Fe, September 5, 1698, and that date has since been celebrated by a fiesta in Santa Fe as De Vargas Day.

Tamales are a most delicious food made of chicken, corn meal, raisins, olives, chile pepper and spices, rolled and tied in corn husks and boiled.

Acequia Madre (ah-say'ke-ee-ah máh-thray) means mother-ditch and is the large ditch by which water for irrigating is taken directly out of the river.

WHISPER OF THE WIND

The 'sage' mentioned here is the sagebrush, and not a member of the sage family. Its proper name is *Artemisia tridentata*.

THE BROWN BEAR

This is the bear usually called 'cinnamon' because of his color, which most people think more red than brown. He is smaller and less fierce than the grizzly, but larger and not so friendly as the small black bears which can still be seen frequently in the foothill country. 'Honey-Paw' is a common name for bears

everywhere because of their fondness for honey and other sweets.

TAMALPAIS

This story was told me by a Yokut Indian from Kern River, California. The name is said to come from *Tamal*, the name of an Indian chief, and the Spanish *pais*, meaning country, but this is not certain.

SNOW

Ithuriel is the angel of dawn, who lets in the morning light by thrusting his spear under the curtain of darkness.

ELF OWL

This is the little ground owl of the Southwest, sometimes called 'burrowing owl,' because it likes to make its nest in the abandoned burrows of prairie dogs, gophers, and other small ground-living animals. It is also called 'bob owl' by the children because of its habit of bobbing up and down.

IN PAPAGUERIA

Papagueria is the country of the Papago Indians, south of the Gila River in Arizona, extending down into Mexico.

Ocotilla, *Bisnága* and *Sahuáro* are three of the strange plants not found anywhere outside of the desert strip along the southern boundary of southwestern United States. You will find a whole chapter about them in *The Land of Journey's Ending*, which

also explains about sahuaro wine and the 'ladder of song' which the mocking bird climbs up and down to the God-Home. Bisnaga is the large barrel-shaped cactus of which cactus candy is made.

THE RHYME OF THE PRONGHORNS

The pronghorn is the American antelope which used to be so plentiful in the West. There are but a few of them left now, and these are protected by law from men hunters, but no law can protect them from coyotes, who hunt them by relay races, for no one coyote is able to run down an antelope.

CLOCKS AND CALENDARS

The white bars in the magpies' wings are called 'footsteps of morning' by the Indians because these birds are usually seen very early in the day.

SANTA MARIA DE TODO EL MUNDO

When people in the Southwest are asked where they live, and do not have any settled home, or, if they think it is none of your business, they answer that they live at Saint Mary's of the Whole World.

Garramboya (gar-ram-boy'ah) is a large round stiff bush that the quail build their nests under to be safe. Even a coyote is turned back by a garramboya.

Pitahaya (pit-a-ha'ya) is a general name for any low-growing cactus with edible fruit.

GRIZZLY BEAR

Most people think that the grizzly got his name because of his gray or silver-tipped fur, but in old

travelers' tales he is described as 'grisly,' meaning horrible, frightening. He is not only the largest and strongest of bears, but the most ferocious, so it is fortunate that nowadays he is not met very often.

DEAD WATER

This is a superstition of the little Spanish towns in New Mexico.

SEVEN RHYMING RIDDLES

I, Snow. II, Water in an irrigating ditch. III, An arrow. IV, Thunder. V, A burro. VI, A River. VII, A piñon nut.

ISHETS

Millions of these little beetles can be seen standing on their heads in the sand along Southwestern trails. Their name is also Utset and Isheet.

WISE MAN

Tio Juan is Spanish for Uncle John and his sayings are proverbs of the Southwest.

PRAYERS TO THE OUTDOOR SAINTS

Nothing more is known of *Santa Doucelina* (dou-sa-lee'nah) except that she felt God closer to her when she heard birds sing, or looked on flowers and fruits, than when she was in her cloister.

San Isidro was a Spanish farm laborer who spent so much time in prayer that his master complained.

Then the angels came and ploughed for him while he prayed. Also he caused water to spring up in a dry year to save the crops. In New Mexico butter is eaten on San Isidro Day, even by the poorest farmer. Among the Spanish-speaking farmers of the Southwest a 'poor man's rain' is one that falls at night.

The story of the appearance of Our Lady to a poor Indian at Tepayac can be found in the Encyclopædia. She is very popular in the Southwest.

San Francisco. This is the Spanish name of Saint Francis of Assisi. He is the Patron Saint of New Mexico.

A SONG OF WESTERN MEN

Viva is the Spanish 'hurrah.' *Whoopla* is the cowboy way of saying the same thing. There are so many kinds of people in the Southwest that we have to use all the words.

Cabeza (că-bay'sah) *de Vaca* (vah'cah) was the first white man to cross this part of the United States.

Fray Mar'co de Niza (nee'zah) was a Spanish monk, the first to come up from Old Mexico as far as Zuñi.

Francesco (fran-says'co) *de Coronado* (cō-rō-nah'dō) was the first *adelantado* (ah-da-lan-tah'dō) in charge of an expedition to explore the country as far north as Kansas. An *adelantado* is the officer who goes before in a new country.

Juan de Oñate (on-yah'tay) crossed the Rio Grande in 1598 and founded New Mexico and its capital at Santa Fe.

Diego (de-a'gō) *de Var'gas* brought back the Spanish after the Indians had driven them out.

Escalante (es-cah-lan'tay) was a priest who first found a trail from Santa Fe to Monterey, the capital of California.

Kit Carson was a noted scout and trapper.

Zebulon Pike discovered the mountain in Colorado named after him.

All the names in this song are for New Mexico; if you live in any other of the Southwestern States, you must put in the other names for yourself.

LITTLE SONGS OF OCTOBER

PIÑONERO

This bird is the Western Jay, called in New Mexico and Arizona Piñonero, from his habit of spending the winter in the piñon trees, feeding on the pine nuts which are very good eating. In the summer the birds disappear into the high mountains, and suddenly after the first snow they can be seen on the lower slopes where the short-leaved, nut-bearing pines grow.

RABBIT-BRUSH

All over the Southwest there are many shrubby plants that in the autumn burst into bright golden-yellow bloom. There are about thirty kinds, some of them only a few inches high and some taller than a man, and they are called 'chamise,' 'rosario,' 'water-brush,' or 'rabbit-brush,' in different localities; rabbit-brush because rabbits can be seen running in and out of them in great numbers. The flowers of this plant are used to make the yellow dye in old Indian blankets.

THANKSGIVING

Turkey, and all the other good things in this poem are not the only foods and other beneficial things that we have to thank the first Americans for:—chocolate, hominy, dried codfish, hickory wood, and nuts are a few of the others, and some say water-melons.

RAIN SONG OF THE RIO GRANDE PUEBLOS

This is one of many songs sung by the Pueblo Indians in New Mexico to bring rain. It is a dance song, and should be sung to the rhythm of the big drum saying, *Come, Come, Come, Come*, without any accent.

SONG OF LIFE RENEWAL

This song was sung by Paiutes at the Ghost Dance many years ago when they were expecting the buffalo to come back and bring the great day of the Indians again.

SONG OF A MAN ABOUT TO DIE IN A STRANGE LAND A SONG OF GREATNESS

These are Chippewa songs, which were sung to encourage a good spirit in the young. The Chippewas are the same as the Ojibways, and once lived about the Great Lakes. They are now much scattered, some of them being in Kansas and the Southwest.

THE ROAD-RUNNER

This is a Pima song collected by Frank Russel; it is about a bird, known as 'Chaparral Cock,' or, in

Spanish, '*Corridor del Camino*,' which is the same as road-runner, very well known in the desert parts of the Southwest.

CHICKEN HAWK'S SONG

GLOSSY LOCKS

These are two Navajo gambling songs sung while the dice are being thrown. 'Glossy Locks' and 'Red Moccasin' refer to the glossy plumage and red feet of the dove.

SONG OF THE RED FOX

This is a California Indian song which I heard but once many years ago. I think the word 'Haugh' is to represent the yelp of the fox, but I have also been told that it is the name of the fox, in the language of one of the tribes that sang it.

YOUNG MEN'S SONG

In the old days young men used to set out from many of the Plains Indian tribes — Blackfeet, Sioux, Pawnee, and others — in groups of two or three, and return after a year or two with many trophies and tales of adventure. This is one of their setting-out songs.

BUFFALO SONGS

FIRE DRILL SONGS

CORN PLANTING SONGS

These are Osage songs first collected by Francis La Flesche, an Omaha Indian who works for the Smithsonian Institution.

MOUNTAIN CHANT

This is a Navajo medicine dance given to secure good health, and these are parts of the songs that are sung on that occasion. The refrains are repeated four times because the Navajos regard four as a lucky number.



